

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 45.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., MAY 6, 1910.

PRICE FIVE CENTS



This is KIDDER'S Space. He's so everlastin' busy he can't stop to write an ad. Guess every body knows about his bargains anyway. If YOU don't you'd better inquire of your neighbor.



S. E. Whitmore

CALL IN AND SEE OUR

Fruit

Vegetables
Pansies

Everything for the table.

HIGH QUALITY
LOW PRICES

S. E. Whitmore

FOR SALE

Best assortment of

LAWN
MOWERS

in town, at prices from

\$3.00 to \$6.50

Call and see them

ROBBINS
AND EVANS



We will give this handsome Shaving Set FREE with all orders for Suits from our "made to measure" samples from now until July 1 1910.

Don't Miss This
C. C. STEARNS
WEBSTER BLOCK

GO TO...

BASCOM'S

THE HOUSE OF STYLE FOR
UP-TO-DATE

MILLINERY

NEW GOODS ARRIVING EVERY WEEK

FIRST CLASS WORK AT
REASONABLE PRICES.

83 Main Street, 2nd Floor
BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

Subscribe for THE PRESS

A. W. PROCTOR

We are showing an el-

egant line of men's

"ELITE"

Oxfords and two Evelet Ties in Black
Tan and London Smoke at
\$3.50, \$3.00 and \$4.50

LADIES' OXFORDS SANDALS
AND PUMPS

in a large variety of colors and the
latest styles;

THE VANESSA

is our leader and is hard to beat.

BOYS', MISSES AND
CHILDREN

SHOES AND OXFORDS

at popular prices.

Have just received a very strong line of

STRAW HATS

ranging in price from the farm hat at
10 cents to a panama at

\$4.50 and \$5.50

CHILDRENS "ALL in 1"
ROMPERS and PLAY SUITS

\$5.00 \$1.00 \$1.50

COMPLETE
BASE BALL SUITS
AT \$1.00

A. W. PROCTOR

C. E. Williams

Seeds, Hose, Spades, Rakes, Shovels,

Spading Forks, Hose 50 foot lengths,

Hand Cultivators with Attachments,

14 Spike Tooth Cultivators with lever

and Wheel, Barrows with Iron Wheel,

Guard Fencing 18 and 22 in. etc.

Poultry and Barb wire,

Clothes Reels, Sprinkling Pots,

Croquet Sets, Lawn Mowers,

Park and Pollard's Beef Scraps, Dry

Mash, Scrotch, Fine and Intermedigte

Chick Food.

Mrs. William Reed is here from Athol

looking after her property and arranging

for the summer.

Mrs. A. D. Stearns has returned to

her home on Plain St. Mrs. Amos Whit-

taker will make her home with her for

the present.

Miss Elsie Holton is in the telephone

exchange assisting Miss Crelan.

The Misses Charlotte and Amelia

Hausman have been visiting Mr. and

Mrs. Fred Holton.

Miss Gunn left Mrs. W. R. Moody's

last Monday.

A Student Volunteer Convention will

meet at Mt. Hermon Saturday and Sun-

day, May 14 and 15. Delegates from

Williams, Smith, Holyoke and other

colleges are expected.

Mr. I. W. Newton, an expert machin-

ist, formerly connected with the Peer-

less Auto Agency in Boston, has accept-

ed a position with J. W. Barber.

Tom Hart finishes his work today as

census taker. He completed the work

in nineteen days which is good time.

Tom will be candidate for Congressman

next year.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Webster, T. R.

Callender, Miss Emma Alexander and

Mrs. A. W. Proctor will attend the meet-

ing of the O. E. S. in Boston next Wed-

nesday.

The selectmen are planning to meet

hereafter on the second and last Fridays

of each month, (not Saturdays), at 2

p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Osgood of San

Francisco have been visiting the Misses

Osgood.

Miss Brooks gave an address at Sage

chapel last Tuesday night, entitled,

'Scenes from the Levant.'

A short course in bee keeping will be

given by the Agricultural College at

Amherst May 25 to June 8. Miss

Lawrence and perhaps others from

town are planning to attend.

Northfield

Mr. Dwight Preston has moved into
the Stratton homestead on Main St.

Mrs. Frank Perold has been visiting
friends in Boston.

A. A. Wallett is able to be out again
after quite a serious illness.

Frank Perold is raising his house and
otherwise improving his place.

Wallace Clark spent Sunday with his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Clark.

Mrs. Fitt was in Brookline over Sun-

day, as the guest of Col. Hopkins.

Mrs. Emma Nims of Brattleboro has
been visiting her daughter, Mrs. F. C.

Britton.

Mrs. Grace Crosby of Nashua, N. H.,

has been visiting her mother, Mrs. L. L.

Hart.

Rev. John Hubbard has been visiting

at Mount Hermon and Northfield the

past week. He is now settled in a

church in western New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Britton have re-

cently had for their guest Mr. William

Biglow of Keene, N. H.

Former school superintendent Warren

has been in town a couple of days this

week.

Base ball tomorrow at 2 p. m. on the

high school athletic field, Northfield vs.

New Salem.

Alvin George was called to Boston

Wednesday on account of the continued

illness of Mrs. George.

Mrs. Ernest Flagg, a sister of Alvin

George, is here for a visit during Mrs.

George's absence in Boston.

Mrs. Dr. Calley of Boston spent a day

or two in town with Mrs. W. R. Moody.

H. B. Silliman of Cohols, N. Y., one

of the oldest friends and trustees of Mt.

Hermon School, died last Wednesday.

Silliman Science Hall and generous ad-

ditions to the endowment fund will per-

petuate his name and interest.

The Lend A Hand Society gave a very

enjoyable entertainment and supper in

Johnson Hall last Wednesday evening.

The G. A. R. and W. R. C. will meet

at C. W. Mattoon's and have a dinner on

Friday, May 13.

Miss Annie E. Stoddard of Boston is

here looking after her cottage on the

Ridge.

Mrs. Alice A. Stebbins who has been

visiting her sister Mrs. Kirschner in

Boston returned last Monday night.

Miss Minnie Warden has gone to Gardner

and other places for brief visits with

friends.

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Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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As Coquenil listened his mouth drew into an ominous thin line and his deep eyes burned angrily.

"M. Gritz," he said in a cold, cutting voice, "you are a man of intelligence; you must be. This crime was committed last night about 9 o'clock; it's now half past 3 in the morning. Will you please tell me how it happens that this fact of vital importance has been concealed from the police for over six hours?"

"Why," stammered the other, "I don't know."

"Are you trying to shield some one? Who is this man that engaged No. 7?"

Gritz shook his head unhappily. "I don't know his name. We have to be discreet in these matters."

"But what do you call him?" persisted Coquenil. "You must call him something."

"In speaking of him we call him 'the tall blond.' He has been here several times with a woman he calls Anita."

The detective shrugged his shoulders. "Some one has been here and locked this door on the inside. I want it opened."

"Just a moment," trembled Gritz. "I have a pass key to the alleyway door. We'll go around."

They left the hotel by the main entrance and were just going around into Rue Marboeuf when the concierge from across the way met them with word that Caesar had arrived.

"Caesar?" questioned Gritz.

"He's my dog. Ph-h-eet! Ph-eet! Ah, here he is!" and out of the shadows the splendid animal came bounding.

They had entered the courtyard now, and Coquenil led Caesar to the spot where the weapon lay still undisturbed.

"Cherche!" he ordered, and the dog nosed the pistol with concentrated effort. Then silently, anxiously, one would say, he darted away, circling the courtyard back and forth, sniffing the ground as he went, pausing occasionally or retracing his steps and presently stopping before M. Paul with a little bark of disappointment.

"Nothing, eh? Quite right. Give me the pistol, Papa Tignol. We'll try out-



"CHERCHE!" HE ORDERED.

side. There!" He pointed to the open door where the concierge was waiting. "Now, then, cherche!"

In an instant Caesar was out in the Rue Marboeuf, circling again and again in larger and larger arcs, as he had been taught.

"It's a hard test," muttered Coquenil. "Footprints and weapons have lain for hours in a drenching rain, but— Ah!" Caesar had stopped with a little whine and was half crouching at the edge of the sidewalk, head low, eyes fiercely forward, body quivering with excitement. "He's found something!"

The dog turned with quick, joyous barks.

"He's got the scent. Now watch him," and sharply he gave the word, "Va!"

Straight across the pavement darted Caesar, then along the opposite sidewalk away from the Champs Elysees, running easily, nose down, past the Rue Francois Premier, past the Rue Clement-Marot, then out into the street again and stopping suddenly.

"There's where your murderer picked

up a cab," said the detective. "It's perfectly clear. No one has touched that pistol since the man who used it threw it from the window. Back Caesar!" he called.

Obediently the dog trotted back along the trail, recrossing the street where he had crossed it before and presently reaching the point where he had first caught the scent. Here he stopped, waiting for orders, eying M. Paul with almost speaking intelligence.

Caesar growled impatiently, straining toward the scent.

"He knows there's work to be done, and he's right." Then quickly he gave the word again, and once more Caesar was away, darting back along the sidewalk toward the Champs Elysees, moving nearer and nearer to the houses and presently stopping at a gateway against which he pressed and whined. It was a gateway in the wall surrounding the Ansonia hotel.

"The man came out here," declared Coquenil, and, unlatching the gate, he looked inside, the dog pushing after him.

"This is what you call the alleyway?" questioned Coquenil.

"Exactly."

From the pocket of his coat the detective drew a small electric lantern, the one that had served him so well earlier in the evening, and, touching a switch, he threw upon the ground a strong white ray, whereupon a confusion of footprints became visible, as if a number of persons had trod back and forth here.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

Papa Tignol explained shamefacedly. "We did it looking for the pistol; it was Gibeau's orders."

"Bon Dieu! What a pity! We can never get a clean print in this mess. But wait! How far along the alleyway did you look?"

"As far as that back wall. Poor Gibeau! He never thought of looking on the other side of it. Eh, eh!"

Coquenil breathed more freely. "We may be all right yet. Ah, yes," he cried, going quickly to this back wall where the alleyway turned to the right along the rear of the hotel. Again he threw his white light before him and, with a start of satisfaction, pointed to the ground. There, clearly marked, was a line of footprints, a single line, with no breaks or imperfections, the plain record on the rain-soaked earth that one person, evidently a man, had passed this way, going out.

"I'll find the dog first," said M. Paul. "Here, Caesar! Cherche!"

Once more the eager animal sprang forward, following slowly along the row of trees where the trail was confused, and then, at the corner, dashed ahead swiftly, only to stop again after a few yards and stand scratching at a closed door.

"That settles it," said Coquenil. "He has brought us to the alleyway door. Am I right?"

"Yes," nodded Gritz. "The door that leads to No. 7?"

"Yes."

"Open it," and, while the agitated proprietor searched for his pass key, the detective spoke to Tignol: "I want impressions of these footprints, the best you can take. Use glycerin with plaster of paris for the molds. Take this one, and these two, and this, and this."

The alleyway door stood open, and, using his lantern with the utmost care, Coquenil went first, mounting the stairs slowly, followed by Gritz. At the top they came to a narrow landing and a closed door.

"This opens directly into No. 7?" asked the detective.

"Yes."

"Is it usually locked or unlocked?"

"It is always locked."

"Well, it's unlocked now," observed Coquenil, trying the knob. Then, flinging his lantern forward, he threw the door wide open. The room was empty.

"Let me turn up the electrics," said the proprietor, and he did so, showing furnishings like those in No. 6 except that here the prevailing tint was pale blue, while there it was pale yellow.

"I see nothing wrong," remarked M. Paul, glancing about sharply. "Do you?"

"Nothing."

"Except that this door into the corridor is bolted. It didn't bolt itself, did it?"

"No," sighed the other.

Coquenil thought a moment; then he produced the pistol found in the courtyard and examined it with extreme care; then he unlocked the corridor door and looked out. The policeman was still on guard before No. 6.

"I shall want to go in there shortly," said the detective.

Gritz hesitated a moment, and then, with an apprehensive look in his beady eyes, he said, "So you're going in there?" and he jerked his fat thumb toward the wall separating them from No. 6.

Coquenil nodded.

"To see if the ball from that"—he looked with a shiver at the pistol—"fits in—in that?" Again he jerked his thumb toward the wall, beyond which the body lay.

"No; that is the doctor's business. Mine is more important!"

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CHAPTER VII.

THROUGH THE WALL.

THE detective entered the room of the tragedy and turned up the lights, all of them, so that he might see whatever was to be seen. He walked back and forth examining the carpet, examining the walls, examining the furniture, but paying little heed to the body. He went to the open window and looked out; he went to the yellow sofa and sat down; finally he shut off the lights and withdrew softly, closing the door behind him. It was just as the commissary had said with the exception of one thing.

Papa Tignol entered to say that he had finished the footprint molds. M. Paul motioned his associate to a chair.

"By the way," he asked, "what do you think of that?" He pointed to a Japanese print in a black frame that hung near the massive sideboard.

"Why," stammered Tignol, "I—I don't think anything of it."

Coquenil laughed. "All the same, it has a bearing on your investigations."

"Diable!"

M. Paul reached for his glasses, rubbed them deliberately and put them on. "Papa Tignol," he said seriously, "I have come to a conclusion about this crime, but I haven't verified it. I am now going to give myself an intellectual treat."

"Wha-at?"

"I am going to prove practically whether my mind has grown rusty in the last two years. You understand that we are in private room No. 7, don't you? On the other side of that wall is private room No. 6, where a man has just been shot. We know that, don't we? But the man who shot him was in this room; the little hair brushing old maid saw the pistol thrown from this window; the dog found footprints coming from this room; the murderer went out through that door into the alleyway and then into the street. He couldn't have gone into the corridor because the door was locked on the outside."

"He might have gone into the corridor and locked the door after him," objected Tignol.

Coquenil shook his head. "He could have locked the door after him on the outside, not on the inside, but when we came in here it was locked on the inside."

"Then how, in heaven's name?"

"Exactly! How could a man in this room kill a man in the next room? And I believe I have solved it. Listen. Between these rooms is a solid wooden partition with no door in it—no passageway of any kind. Yet the man in there is dead; we're sure of that. The pistol was here; the bullet went there—somehow. How did it go there? Think."

The detective paused and looked fixedly at the wall near the heavy sideboard. Tignol, half fascinated, stared at the same spot, and then, as a new idea took form in his brain, he blurted out, "You mean it went through the wall?"

"Is there any other way?"

"But there is no hole—through the wall," he muttered. "It might be back on that sideboard."

But M. Paul disagreed. "No man is clever as this fellow would have moved a heavy piece covered with plates and glasses. Besides, if the sideboard had been moved there would be marks on the floor, and there are none. Now you understand why I'm interested in that Japanese print."

Tignol sprang to his feet.

"You're mocking me; you've looked behind the picture."

Coquenil shook his head solemnly. "On my honor, I have not been near the picture. I know nothing about the picture, but unless there is some flaw in my reasoning—"

The old man stepped forward quickly and took down the picture.

"Tonnerre de Dieu!" he cried. "It's true! There are two holes."

But M. Paul disagreed. "No man is clever as this fellow would have moved a heavy piece covered with plates and glasses. Besides, if the sideboard had been moved there would be marks on the floor, and there are none. Now you understand why I'm interested in that Japanese print."

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The Evolution of Booster Bill

II.—Bill Sits Up and Thinks

Bill Blue was such a grumbly sort. We called him "OLD BILL GROUCH" for short, Since short he was in speech and look And soon got short in pocketbook.

Said Bill, "This town is on the bum, Its stores are punk, its climate rum, And then the people he ran down, Made Bill look bummer than the town."



His business they put on the blink, And this made Bill sit up and think, "THE MAN WHO KNOCKS," said he, "It's plain, GETS HIS by being knocked again."

Bill changed his tune that very day. Since then the world has come his way. His coffers soon began to fill. Now we're all friends of "Booster Bill."

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

Landscape Artist's Suggestions For Improvement of Reading, Pa.

A prominent landscape artist of Cambridge, Mass., was engaged by the Civic association of Reading, Pa., to devise plans for a better and more beautiful Reading. His report in part is as follows:

"Above all, it is important that the work of the Civic association should not end in a mere statement of some of the needs of Reading. Let me try, therefore, to sum up the definite things that are necessary to change the present Reading into a decidedly better place for business, for homemaking, for the growth and development of children, for wholesome recreation for all. To my mind the following are the twelve most necessary things to do:

"First.—To adopt a more thoughtful and up to date method of locating and improving streets.

"Second.—To remove from the main streets all wire, poles and other obstructions.

"Third.—To take prompt and vigorous steps for the abatement of the smoke nuisance.

"Fourth.—To extend the city limits by annexation, to include all the territory with the proposed Belt boulevard.

"Fifth.—To add to the convenience, comfort and beauty of Penn square by the construction of a central mall or narrow park strip.

"Sixth.—To proceed at once to make the best possible grouping of public and semipublic buildings.

"Seventh.—To lay out a comprehensive system of thoroughfares and boulevards, including diagonal avenues and a belt boulevard to encircle the city.

"Eighth.—To provide for the gradual abolition of all grade crossings within the city limits.

"Ninth.—To build across the Schuylkill river a series of bridges of a more appropriate type.

"Tenth.—To secure at once for playground purposes as many open spaces as possible, especially in the settled sections of the city.

"Eleventh.—To get possession of the finest natural features around Reading—its mountain tops, valleys, river banks and creeks—and set them aside as public parks.

"Twelfth.—To investigate and report upon the improvement of housing conditions in Reading."

Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata."

The story runs that Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata"—always so called, though he so rarely gave a descriptive name to any of his works—was composed on an occasion when he had been playing to some stranger folk by chance. Walking with a friend, he overheard in a humble house some one playing with much feeling a bit of one of his sonatas. He paused to listen. In a moment the music ceased, and a girl spoke longingly of her wish to hear some really good concert. The voice was so appealing that the composer stepped without hesitation to the door and knocked. Admitted to the wondering host, he said, "I will play for you," and played wonderfully till the lamp burned out. Then with the moonlight filling the room he began to improvise—the mysterious delicate breathings of the beginning of that wonderful sonata, then the tricksy elf-like second part, and the glory of the close.—Christian Science Monitor.

HILDA THE HELPER

II.—"There's No Place Like Home"

Hilda the Helper used to say, when she was rather younger, "I think I'll pack and go away; I've got the city hunger."



One day did Hilda up and pack, she hied her to the city. Three months from THEN SHE MOSIED BACK and sang another ditty:

"The city wasn't half so fine as I had judged from rumor, so it's THE OLD HOME TOWN FOR MINE, and I shall be its boomer."

PAINTING THE HOME.

When Done With Care It Improves Suburban Life.

Without trees, grass and paint no rural home is complete. Beauty and comfort are brought by them. They make the abiding place a home. Where employed intelligently and sympathetically they increase the value of the country home and enrich country life. The first two are now generally appreciated, but the last is too frequently neglected.

Rural buildings may be large and costly, but if unpainted they are hideous. The humble house, the inexpensive barn and outbuildings may be made beautiful by paint with a careful selection of colors. Many suburban homes are inviting because well painted, the lawns neatly kept and a few shrubs and flowers added to complete the lacking feature of beauty and needs.

Naturally the first effect of paint is to improve appearances. That is much. Paint makes the old look as new. It brightens the entire landscape. It tells the character of the people. It separates the cultured from the uncultured, the enterprising from the shiftless, the successful from the improvident.

Paint, therefore, not only tells a story, but it becomes the first need in town improvement. So mindful are many suburbanites of this that at regular stated intervals the buildings are painted and always kept so. Indeed, some go further and call paint into use as a necessary part of the repair of farm implements, and nothing will pay better either unless it be the wise use of paint for interior decoration of the home.

Good Advice For Any Town.
The board of public works should begin a general and thorough cleaning up of the city from one end to the other. Every street and alley should be looked after and the premises thoroughly inspected everywhere. It would not only be better in the way of cleanliness, but it would give the city a still finer appearance, and quite likely the work might result in preventing a large amount of sickness. At the same time the sidewalks should be put in the very best shape possible, every foot of them inspected and orders to repair given wherever needed.

War Against Spitters.
The women of Flushing, N. Y., have started a novel movement for the improvement of health conditions in that town in the form of a crusade against spitters. The crusade was brought about by the Good Citizenship league, which is composed of some of the wealthiest women in Flushing. Each member of the league is empowered to arrest any person who expectorates upon the sidewalks and see to it that they are brought before a police court and fined \$2 for violating the anti-spitting ordinance.

Signal Lights of Business.
Put a signal light of your business in the best paper of its kind. Keep the light trimmed and supply it with the oil of facts and experience. Then its rays will penetrate into many an unlooked for field of trade and bring business results that have been little anticipated.

What you use to as
sunge the other fellow's grief with.

STEALING THE STYLES

London Millinery Pirates and Their Methods.

TRICKS OF SMART WOMEN.

Use Their Position to Get a Look at the Advance Models and Then Sell Their Information In Berlin—One Case Where There Was a Slip.

The object of the modern millinery pirate is by some means to get hold of the new fashions well in advance of the coming season, and, however jealously guarded the new models are, she—most pirates are women—very often succeeds, and the real owner has the mortification of seeing his novelty anticipated by some firm of infinitely less importance than his own.

Last spring the proprietor of one of the smartest shops in the west end of London noticed a lady walking in the park attired in a dress almost an exact copy of a brand new model of his own, a model which not half a dozen people had seen besides its inventor and himself. The design had been registered, but the copy was just sufficiently altered to steer clear of legal difficulties.

A most searching inquiry revealed the fact that the culprit was a lady who had always been considered one of the firm's smartest and best customers.

Her birth and position were less impeccable than the state of her finances, and she had accepted the offer of a Berlin firm to dress her on condition that she supplied it with the very latest creations that found their way from Paris to London.

Having the entree of the innermost sanctum of the London firm referred to, she had taken advantage of its confidence in her to draw its designs from memory and post them to Berlin.

The London firm had no legal remedy whatever. All it could do was when the autumn styles were due and the lady called again to inform her that her patronage was no longer desired.

Another lady detected in a similar trick by the manager of a Regent street firm was very cleverly punished. Upon her next visit she was received with the same cordiality as ever and taken into the showroom, where the latest models were usually displayed.

She never suspected until too late that the room had been specially arranged for her reception. The models exhibited were anything but new, and the too smart firm which employed her was put to vast expense to work up dresses from patterns resurrected from those of years before which proved absolutely unsalable.

It is by no means exclusively for the purpose of stealing other people's original designs that "pushing" firms enlist the services of well dressed recruits.

Last summer a lady arrived at a smart seaside hotel, the sort of place where people stay for the whole season. She was pretty, smart and perfectly turned out—so well dressed, in fact that other women, filled with envy, did their best to find out who was her dressmaker.

But, though she frequently boasted that the people were perfect treasures and that her bills amounted to next to nothing, she steadfastly refused to disclose the name.

One day, however, she accidentally dropped an envelope inclosing a bill from the mysterious dressmaker, a bill artfully "faked" so as to show prices of startling cheapness. Within a week the firm that employed this clever lady welcomed a dozen new customers.

Hotels, too, find the lady tout most useful. Last autumn a very pretty girl arrived at a certain Scotch health resort establishment with her mother. She was smart, well dressed, a clever musician—just the sort of girl to be thoroughly popular with both sexes. At once she became the center of a large coterie of admirers.

Then after a few days her vivacious expression gave place to a look of uttermost boredom. "I can't stand this place. It's so deadly dull," she said over and over again. Finally one evening she announced that she could not endure it an hour longer. She was going.

"Where?" was the question.
"Back to Blitherington," was the decided answer. "It may be a little dearer, but you get your money's worth there. One has such a good time there!"

Next day she left, and before the week was out a large proportion of her friends had followed her.—London Grand Magazine.

Smart Bobby.
Minister—So you are going to school now, are you, Bobby? Bobby (aged six)—Yes, sir. Minister—Spell kitten for me. Bobby—Oh, I'm further advanced than that. Try me on cat.—Chicago News.

A Great Thinker.
"Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work."
"Yes; he works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."

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We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send us an order on the tire may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, we will send you a sample tire on trial and at any price until you send for a pair of tires to us. **IF YOU NEED TIRES** If you want puncture-proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above, or write for our Big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a post. **DO NOT THINK OF BUYING** a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a post to learn everything. Write it NOW.

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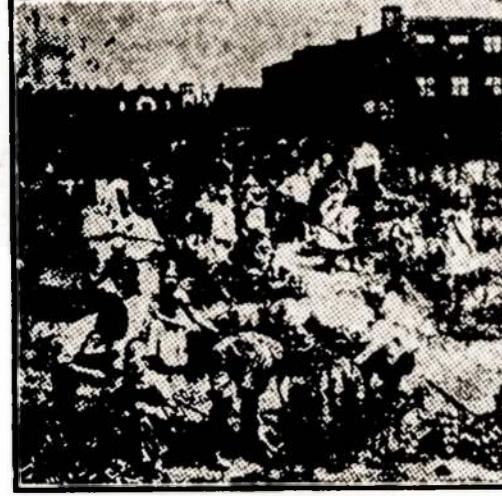
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FRIDAY, MAY 6, 1910

Signs of spring are now noticeable about the schools of many towns throughout the country. Playgrounds and school garden committees are beginning to get active. Swings, slides, running tracks and swimming pools are being overhauled. Books on garden practice, catalogues of seeds, flowers and garden products and manuals of instruction in the use of garden



A TYPICAL SCHOOL GARDEN.

tools in school gardens are being distributed among the pupils interested in the idea, many who seem to be scholars of the highest grades. In many parts of the United States principals and teachers and many others interested in the health and welfare of the school children are continually pleading for space on which the children may play during recess and after school hours. Naturally children will take much pleasure out of a swing and toboggan slide or any other apparatus generally found on the public playground, but give these same children the necessary implements with which to till the ground, good instructors and seeds to sow and it will be found that they will derive much more pleasure from it and at the same time be gaining agricultural training. The movement for school gardens is fast becoming nation wide, and towns that have failed to utilize the vacant space near the schoolhouse should begin at once, and in a remarkably short time the school board will find that the sick list will decrease to almost nothing and at the same time tend to make the place more beautiful.

The trustees of the Franklin County Agricultural society voted Saturday at a regular meeting to offer a special list of premiums for boys and girls of 16 years and under. For the boys there will be premiums on corn and potatoes, all planting, cultivation, harvesting and selection of exhibit to be done by the boys themselves. There will also be a premium for the boys for the best essay on corn raising and a class for both boys and girls in poultry judging.

Especially for the girls there will be premiums for the best essays on domestic science and contests will be arranged in cooking and sewing. The trustees feel that with proper encouragement the young people can be induced to take a great interest in the fair. If the scheme is successful it means not only enlarged exhibits at present fairs, but brings young people into training as exhibitors of the future in the regular classes.

The Newest Cancer Cure.

A new method of treating cancer of the skin by freezing was demonstrated to Philadelphia physicians recently by Dr. Ralph Bernstein, who has been practicing for two years what he asserts is an original method of treatment. Liquid air has been used for experimentation before, but Dr. Bernstein's method of using solidified carbon dioxide is said to be unique. He produced at the meeting of the Tri-county Medical society a number of cases and made clinical demonstrations with the freezing mixture. The parts were frozen from three to five minutes. This process, it is asserted, kills the cancer germs. At intervals of three weeks the operation is repeated.

To Remove Glass Stoppers.

Glass stoppers which are stuck in bottles may be quickly removed by holding the bottle at a slant of about forty-five degrees and applying a burning match to the neck of the bottle around where the stopper seems the tightest and turning the bottle while the match is burning so the glass will be heated evenly all around. This will cause the neck of the bottle to expand before the stopper does, and when the flame has well burned out drop the match and quickly give the stopper a little twist and it will come out readily.

South Vernon.

Tuesday evening the friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Willis Collier gave them a surprise visit. In spite of the rain about 40 were present, bringing with them a 112-piece dinner set, a cake encircled in a wreath of evergreen by Miss S. J. Wheeler, a silver berry spoon from Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Newton, two silver table spoons and ladle from Mrs. C. Harmon, a glass bonbon dish from Raymond Fairman, 1-2 dozen solid silver tea spoons from parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Fairman; a fruit plate of china from Miss Wahler of Greenfield, a hand some clock from Foster Bros., Greenfield. Rev. A. F. Phelps, in behalf of their friends, made the presentation. A. A. Dunklee, the master in charge, spoke of his interest in the young couple. Mrs. Collier had been for a long time a member of his Sunday school class. Mr. Collier called on L. W. Brown to thank the friends for their thought in paying them this evening's visit and bringing with them so many beautiful presents. Ice cream and cake were served.

All will be welcome to the services in the A. C. church Sunday morning, May 8. The pastor will speak on "The Lost Ideal," at 10:45. At the evening service his subject will be "Mrs. Lot." Loyal workers' service at 6:30 topic, "God's blessing on little things." Miss E. Torrey of the Northfield Bible Training school, will conduct this service, and will be present at the evening service. Miss Coolege, music teacher at the seminary and organist at the church, will give the organ voluntary and will sing. Miss Higgins, also a teacher at the training school, will sing.

T. L. Brown of Albany has rented the homestead of Miss Genevieve Sikes and Mrs. Brown with her children will occupy it for the present. Miss Sikes has been making some needed repairs.

A. A. Dunklee has just lost a valuable horse. It was found dead in its stall last Sunday morning.

The Colt Acetylene apparatus recently installed at E. B. Buffum & Son's store, is a great improvement, not only in the store, but also in lighting the street. Let the good work go on. What about sidewalks?

H. J. Foley, who for some time has been telegraph operator at the South Vernon station, has accepted a position agent at Dummerston. Promotion is always the reward of faithful service.

A reception was given them by their friends and neighbors on Friday evening,

April 29, in Johnson hall, the occasion

furnishing an opportunity for many

words of appreciation and good wishes.

Substantial presents were given to

them in the shape of a five-piece silver

service, a sideboard and a willow rocker.

Mr. Foley spoke feelingly of the necessary

parting and in behalf of Mrs. Foley and

himself thanked the company for their

kindness and tokens of regard, extending

to all hearty invitation to visit them in

their new home. Ice cream and cake

were served and at a late hour final

good-byes were said.

He Begs Pardon No More.

Jones had just trod on the toe of an old gentleman while getting into the train car.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"Hey? Speak louder. I'm a trifle deaf."

"I beg your pardon," repeated Jones.

"H'm! Peggy starving? Well, I'm sorry. Who's Peggy?"

Jones was red in the face now.

"You misunderstand, sir!" he shouted.

"Hey?"

"You misunderstood!"

"Miss Underwood, is she? Peggy, who is starving, is Miss Underwood? Well?"

"I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Jones. "I begged your pardon, and you misunderstood."

"Oh, now I see!" said the old man sympathetically. "It is your Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood. Well, why don't you report the case to the police?" Pearson's.

Not In Her Class.

While delivering an address at a woman's club an actress told the story of a young woman prominent in New York society who desired to achieve histrionic honors.

The manager to whom she confided her desire pointed out the inadvisability of the step she contemplated and added that even were he disposed to give her the chance she coveted he would still be in doubt whether her talents were such as to justify such action on his part.

"What is particularly desired by us at the present time," he said, "is the service of people who know the mechanics of the stage."

"Merciful heavens!" exclaimed the young woman, throwing up her hands. "You don't mean to tell me that it is necessary I should be on terms of intimacy with those dreadful stage hands?" -Lippincott's.

FACTS ABOUT COMETS.

Millions of Them in Space, Declares British Scientist.

Professor H. H. Turner, who holds the Savilian professorship of astronomy at Oxford, held by Halley in 1704, lectured at the Royal Institution in London recently on Halley's comet. In the course of his address Professor Turner made this striking suggestion:

"On May 18 we shall be in the tail of the comet. If you like to bottle some of the air and hand it down to your grandchildren they will have in their possession some of Halley's comet of 1910.

"I think," added the lecturer, "that this institution ought to bottle large quantities of air on that night and find out what is really in the comet's tail."

Professor Turner dismissed any fear

that may still exist of the consequences of passing through the comet's tail by stating that only a hundred-thousandth part of the air on May 18 will be comet's tail.

Dealing first with the path of the comet, Professor Turner explained with great clearness the fact that a comet moves slowly when at its greatest distance from the sun and very much faster when nearing and passing round the sun. "It is a striking fact," he said, "that Halley's comet spends half its time in a small arc beyond Neptune and takes only a few weeks to travel the same distance when it gets near the sun. Thus there are millions of comets hovering like hawks in space ready to pounce upon the sun. Once in a thousand years they make the pounce. You ought to think of this envelope of millions of comets surrounding each star."

Some of the peculiarities of the tails of comets were described by Professor Turner. Sometimes, he observed, comets lose their tails. That is not always because the tail disappears, but sometimes because it is behind the comet and for a time, therefore, invisible.

At times the tail lies across the direction of movement, pointing away from the sun and apparently blown outward by some force from the sun.

This force which blows the tail of the comet from the sun "like chaff" is either electrical or the light of the sun itself, which has a force of its own. The dissipation of the tails of comets is now accepted as a fact and leads to the conclusion that comets gradually grow smaller until they "probably break up into small meteors."

FUEL OF THE FUTURE.

Oil May Supplant Coal in the United States Navy.

Substitution of oil for coal as fuel on United States cruisers and battleships is being so seriously contemplated by the naval authorities that its early adoption by the navy is now generally considered certain. Recent experiments have demonstrated, it is reported, that the plan is not only feasible, but a great improvement over the use of coal. It not only gives the ships a greater steaming radius, according to experts, but it eliminates the telltale trail of smoke that in the event of war could easily betray the whereabouts of a fleet.

Vessels now being built for the United States government are being equipped with auxiliary oil apparatus. This is regarded as the first step of the government in its contemplated plan to eliminate the use of coal. If the results prove satisfactory and it can be demonstrated that a vessel of war can be better propelled by the power derived from the use of oil as locomotives are in the west, then the substitution of oil for coal will be made.

The change, it is believed, will be of great benefit, as it will enable the government to dispense with the services of half of the men now employed in the boiler rooms, will save space, do away with smoke and eliminate the laying up of vessels for days at a time in order to take a coal supply aboard. A way can be devised for filling the oil tanks of the vessels in a few hours. At present several days are lost in filling the bunkers with coal.

She Repudiated the Charge.

At the men's service in a Yorkshire parish the vicar tried to convey the lesson that the truest heroes and heroines are those who do noble deeds in the secret corner of the home, where none can see or applaud.

"Few of you seem to think," he concluded, "that your wives staying at home uncomplainingly to mind the children and prepare the meals are heroines, and yet their touching devotion to duty proves them to be so."

It certainly hadn't struck one old farmer in this way before, and as soon as he got home he promptly told his wife that the vicar had called her a heroine.

"Whatever does that mean?" asked the good lady.

"Oh, it means a woman who stays in t' house instead of goin' out to show herself," explained the farmer vaguely.

"Then I'm not a heroine, an' I'll thank the vicar to mind what he's sayin'," snapped the wife. "I go to his church as much as t' other women do, an' he must be blind if he can't see me. Why, I'd five different colors in t' bonnet I wore last Sunday!" -Lond.

London Spectator.

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The Chamois Trail.
Every day at noon at Grindelwald there is a rush of visitors for the telescopes in order to gaze at one of the most interesting natural scenes in the Alps, "the chamois trail." Regularly at this hour a herd of twenty to thirty chamois may be seen passing in Indian file up the yawning abysses of the precipitous Mettenberg rocks, separating two glaciers, the male animals leading the way, the king of the herd keeping twenty yards in advance and on the watch. At the bottom of the Mettenberg, where the slope is freed from snow, the chamois find a meager subsistence when their usual feeding grounds are under deep snow. It is curious fact that the chamois descend to their feeding grounds at dawn, when there is little likelihood of avalanches, and return to their haunts at an hour when avalanches for this portion of the mountain have frequent avalanches—have already fallen and the danger is past.—Geneva Cor. Fall Mall Gazette.

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If in need of a wrench and one is
not at hand take a large bolt and run
on two nuts, allowing a space between
them to fit over the nut to be turned.
This will make a serviceable wrench,
a substitute that will prove very beneficial in case of an emergency.

Only Part of the Truth.
Ives—I saw Captain Deepere today.
Beers—Well, what if you did? Ives—
What if I did? Didn't you tell me
that he was with his vessel when she
went down last week with all on
board? Beers—Yes, but I didn't tell
you his vessel was a submarine.—Chicago News.

The first sure symptom of a mind in
health is rest of heart and pleasure
felt at home.—Young.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

First Parish (Unitarian)
Main St. and Parker Ave.
Services at 10.45 a. m.
Sunday School, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main St., near Mill Brook
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church News

Communion service brought out a large attendance of people at the North Church last Sunday morning. Sixteen persons were received into membership.

Paul D. Moody will preach at the Congregational Church next Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor at Mt. Hermon Church.

The annual meeting of the Cradle Roll was held in the North Church on Wednesday. There was a good attendance of young people. The children's mite boxes contained \$9.03 and the mothers' contributions were \$7.75 as gifts to missions.

Rev. Arthur Wilson who has just assumed the pastorate of the Unitarian Church preached his inaugural sermon last Sunday morning to a large congregation. He took for his text the story of the Prodigal Son. Special music was given by the choir and Mr. B. F. Field sang a solo, "The Plains of Peace." The church was decorated especially for the occasion by C. W. Mattoon who has done this work for forty one years.

BOOKS AND READING.

A great man said, "Tell me what you read and I will tell you what you are."

What you read enters into the composition of your mind just as what you eat enters into the composition of your body.

If you read trashy stuff your mind will be filled with trivial commonplaces and paity sentiments. If you read good literature your mind will be filled with noble sentiments and thoughts that are worth while.

Plain enough, is it not?

Now, what do you read?

The newspapers? Certainly. One must read the newspapers to know what is going on in the world. We live in a time when events are swiftly moving to their consummation. Not to be in touch with these great events is to be ignorant indeed.

You read a magazine or two? That is well. The best magazines, along with much that is inconsequential, offer much that is of interest to the discriminating reader.

It is well to say, however, that many persons spend too much time on the magazines. One should exercise a wise selection. Most of the magazine fiction is very poor stuff. Cut out the silly stories, and that will give you more time for reading the good books.

The good books are the older books, the books that have stood the test of time and intelligent criticism.

Read Shakespeare and Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Hugo and Tolstoy and Hawthorne and Howells and Stevenson for entertainment and benefit.

Of course you should read history and not altogether neglect the standard poets.

When you have read and enjoyed some of the best authors you will have got into the real spirit of good reading, and you will be surprised that you ever cared for the transient and the trite.

Form the reading habit.

The reading of the best books, once become a habit, will enrich your mind, ennoble your heart, uplift your life. It will give you width of mental vision and strength of spirit. It will help to bear you over many a wave of trouble that would engulf a little mind that is thrown upon its own meager resources.

In good books you will find consolation and comfort and entertainment and forgetfulness of self. They will delight you through the years and prove a solace in your old age.

You will never be lonesome when you can find between the lids of a book companionship with the noblest and best of all the ages.

A Silent Man.

Jorkins—There's Perkins—you know Perkins—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence. Bob—And the scheme worked? Jorkins—Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years.

Mount Hermon.

The summer term has opened with a total enrolment of about 320, of this number 194 are new men.

Last Monday evening the new students' reception was held in West hall. The program for the evening opened with a piano solo by E. E. Laurimer, a new student; welcome speech by H. H. Upton, president of the Y. M. C. A.; piano duet by Miss Roux and Mr. Ashworth; talk on the life of the summer term by D. W. Salter; selection by the orchestra; talk on athletics by H. H. Cutler, president of the Athletic association; talk on the literary societies by Mr. Watson; reading by Mr. Hastings; talk on the religious life of the school by J. D. Axell, president of the senior class. The program closed with McNamara's band, led by Mr. Upton. After the program refreshments were served and everybody was given an opportunity of getting acquainted. The reception was suddenly closed by having a warning given that the electric lights would be out in two minutes.

The senior class has elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, J. D. Axell; vice president, H. F. Dauphin; secretary, G. N. Purrrington; treasurer, J. Andrews, Jr.; chaplain, A. Nagay; marshalls, H. A. Geib and E. B. Millar.

Miss Flagg is back for the summer term. Miss Berry's position as music teacher has been taken by Miss Christeson.

Northfield Farms.

Mrs. Wheelock and daughter, Marion, of Brightwood, Moses Benson of Putney, Vt., and Frank Ellis of Brattleboro have been guests of O. D. Adams.

Mabel Merriman is home from a visit to New York.

Mrs. Chamberlain and daughter, Marguerite, are at Fred Morgan's.

The Merryetnas club met with Mrs. Maud Montague last Thursday.

Frank Parker's son, Harold, is very sick with bronchial pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Adams were given a surprise party by 35 friends Saturday evening, April 30. It was their 20th wedding anniversary. The wedding cake, made by Mrs. E. E. Howes, was highly decorated, 24 silver dimes forming a part of the decorations. A fine rocking chair and other presents were left by relatives and friends. A poem written for the occasion was read and refreshments served.

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

Do not whine.
Hold up your chin.

Every one of us in this life must carry his own load.

And in the bearing of these burdens come strength and self respect and satisfaction.

When one is a child one can go to one's mother for sympathy and help. But the time inevitably comes when one must carry his burdens alone—and up against the sharp corners of life.

Shoulder your pack!

It is worse than folly to complain to your fellows that the harnesses of the load gill your shoulders. Do not talk about your troubles. Every one you meet is bending his back under his own burden. It is too much to expect the other man to lay down his load to listen to your complaints.

If you are hunting for sympathy you are likely to find only chagrin and loss of self respect.

Of course if you fall down and hurt yourself and you are a real object of pity the world's heart will be stirred in your behalf and help you to the limit, but so long as it sees you are able to bear your load it expects you to get under it.

Stand up like a man.

Many of us who are older can look back and remember how we were tempted to "put up a poor mouth" because of some hard jolt we had received and how we buttoned up our lips and shut the hard luck story behind them.

By the means of pluck and persistence we pulled through, endured in silence and saved our self respect.

Do not whine.

In the first place it is useless. The whiner gets nowhere and becomes a nuisance. He saps his own strength and he saps the world of just so much of its strength when he lays down his load and asks some one else to help him carry it.

Keep your tale of woe to yourself.

He who endures in silence, keeping his own counsel, girding up his loins, makes his life worth while. There is heroism in it.

Sometimes life looks like a vast and intricate tangle. The pathway is stony and steep, and there are thorns in the way. But, after all—

This world that we are living in
Is mighty hard to beat.
With every rose you get a thorn.
But ain't the roses sweet?

A Good Break.

The Shopper (in china shop to salesman)—You don't break these sets, I presume. The Salesman—No'm, but our errand boy does sometimes.

A LEAP INTO THE DARK.

A young man of Chicago has sued his wife for divorce because they quarreled over the kind of meals she served him.

He wanted chicken dinners every day. He said he was willing to put up with cereals and coffee for breakfast and take his luncheon downtown, but contended for chicken dinners in the evening.

During the wife's testimony the fact was brought out that the husband had allowed his wife \$3.50 a week to keep the house and furnish the meals.

Unreasonable?

Certainly. But this sort of thing, strange as it may appear, has been the cause of many a modern divorce.

The average young man knows scarcely anything concerning the cost of keeping a house. He falls in love with a pretty face or a pair of eyes and proposes marriage because he wants the girl.

It is also true in many cases that the young woman knows little concerning household economy and perhaps has had no experience in buying or in preparing food.

And so when this sort of twain wake up after marriage to find that love in a cottage is not what romance has pictured it to be there is trouble.

Marriage calls for readjustment. And readjustment is irksome. It calls for self sacrifice.

When the young husband finds that the \$3.50 per week he paid for board is not sufficient to buy chicken dinners for two his love grows cold.

And when the young wife discovers that her husband's income will not support her as she has been accustomed to live she repents her marriage.

What is the cure?

The application of common sense to matters of matrimony. The candidates for marriage should take his bride to be into his confidence as to his income and discuss with her their plans for making ends meet financially.

In almost every country except America that is a substantial part of the matrimonial program.

In all too many instances in this country marriage is nothing more than a leap in the dark.

Therefore the statistics show that out of every twelve marriages there is one application for divorce.

One should not expect chicken dinners on a bacon and liver income. "Bread and cheese and kisses" is a good menu, but it should be understood that the husband must needs hustle for the bread and cheese.

NEVER TOO LATE.

J. W. Jones of Gloucester, O., aged seventy-three years, certified to the supreme court that he had begun the study of law preparatory to admission to the bar.

As three years' study are required, Mr. Jones will be seventy-six when he is admitted to practice.

On the other hand—

The other day a man aged thirty-five, of large property, was heard to remark, "I would give everything I have for an education." He did not mean it.

There is a woman now in Oberlin college who began a course at the age of seventy which to complete will require her presence in the college classes until she is eighty.

A man above the age of seventy recently applied for admission to the Missouri State university.

It is never too late to get an education.

Do you remember the story of the little German woman of Chicago who was left a widow at thirty with three children and who educated herself? She entered the high school, sitting alongside the boys and girls, some of whom thoughtlessly made fun of her poor English. She supported herself and children by sewing at night.

Now that she has completed her high school course at the age of thirty-four what do you suppose she intends to do?

She is planning to spend four more years in a normal school to fit herself for teaching. Some of the children have grown up and will help the mother.

The fact is there is no excuse this side of eighty for any one to say, "It is too late for me to get an education."

Go into the college classes and note there the presence of the large number of men and women in middle life.

Think of the thousands who, denied school privileges, are taking courses in correspondence schools, receiving their lessons, making their credits and taking their examinations, all by means of the mails.

And think of the other thousands, many of them married women, who are supplementing a meager school education by taking Chautauqua courses or by means of literary and study clubs.

Do you want an education? If you have a real desire the accomplishment is possible. It all depends upon your will power.

There was a day when ignorance was excusable. That day is past. Men and women, many of them, were denied an education in a former generation. Today whoever will may drink deep of the Pierian spring.

Good manners are never good when like the Sunday gown, they are kept for best.

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PAINTER, PAPER HANGER
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A Painter's Troubles.

The desire of the Bank of England officials to discover forgers has sometimes led to curious

ROGUES IN UNIFORMS

Donned Official Clothes to Work Their Victims.

CLEVER RUSSIAN SWINDLERS.

The Plausible Old Military Man Who Made a St. Petersburg Jeweler Whom He Robbed Act as His Accomplice. The Energetic Police Agents.

Nowhere is a uniform more potent than in Russia, and that fact has more than once been utilized by swindlers in their daring operations.

Some years ago a jeweler on the Nevsky Prospect of St. Petersburg received a visit one sunny afternoon from an old and decrepit officer in the uniform of a general. The old gentleman was assisted from his carriage to the counter by an attentive footman in livery. The smiling jeweler received him with the deference due to his rank and accommodated him with a chair. The gentleman had come to choose a birthday present for his wife.

The tradesman displayed his most valuable collars and tiaras. The veteran lingered over them lovingly. At last he made choice of a costly suit and intimated that it would meet his purpose.

Tremblingly the old soldier sought in his breast for his pocketbook. He had sallied forth without it. The disappointment of both shopman and customer was acute. The general, however, was not a strategist without resource. With apologies he asked for writing materials and essayed to pen a letter to his home. The excitement acting upon his palsied hands made his writing illegible. The jeweler was in despair. The old man sighed and remarked upon the sad consequences of campaigns. The jeweler was touched. He had an inspiration.

"Will your excellency permit me to write the instruction to your dictation?"

The general was delighted and most gratefully accepted the offer.

On the business paper of his firm the jeweler wrote the stumbling words of the veteran:

Dear Anna—I have need of money. Please take 5,000 rubles from my safe and return by bearer. Lovingly yours,

IVAN.

The general's own footman was dispatched with the note. The old man sat admiring the jewels until in due course the servant returned with the 5,000 rubles. The tiara was bought and paid for. The jeweler escorted his distinguished client to the carriage and stood bowing as he drove away.

That evening when the jeweler returned to his home his wife asked why he had withdrawn so large a sum from the family safe.

"What sum?" asked the shopkeeper in surprise.

"Why, the 5,000 rubles you sent for this afternoon."

"Five thousand rubles! I don't understand."

"Heavens, here's your letter!"

The wife produced the letter in the jeweler's own handwriting upon the jeweler's own business note paper, and he for the first time realized that the common name of Anna and the common name of Ivan were respectively those of himself and his wife as well as of the palsied officer and his visionary spouse.

The jeweler had paid for the officer's

She Didn't Dance.

In 1736 a gentleman living in Hampshire, England, named Samuel Baldwin, died after a rather stormy and most unhappy married life. In his will he directed that all his vast estate be given his wife on condition that she should dance upon his grave from time to time. As the will further instructed that his remains should be taken by boat to the Needles and from there cast into the sea, this, of course, prevented his widow from fulfilling the conditions of the will and thus lost her the property. He, however, had his revenge for the various tempers she had exhibited during their life together and for the remarks she often made that she "would yet dance upon his grave."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

His Job.

Joe—I have got a good job at last, Ben, me boy.

Ben—What be doin'?

Joe—Oh, I'm a cashier in a p'lice ofis, and a rattlin' good job it is.

Ben—A cashier in a p'lice ofis, Joe. What's that? I never 'eard of that afore. What's yer dooty?

Joe—Duty! I counts the coppers as they come in.—London Answers.

Pretty icy.

"So she treated you coldly?"

"Coldly! Say, I'd have had to have a sextant and an artificial horizon to be able to find out what latitude I was in if I had been there for that purpose."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bad Thought.

He—Why are you so sad, darling? She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till tomorrow.—Chicago News.

Pussy and the Burglar.

A good dog has hitherto been considered the best protection against burglars, but a certain old lady differs from this view. She believes in cats, and her house being broken into not long ago, she proceeded to put her theory into practice, and with marvelously good results. The midnight hour had not long struck when she heard unusual sounds in the hall below. She slipped out of bed, took her faithful feline in her arms and walked quietly on to the landing. She leaned over. The burglar was on the stairs. Suddenly in an unlucky moment he struck a match upon the staircase. The lady could see the burglar, but the burglar could not see the lady. She held puss up and then dropped her upon the burglar's head. The cat uttered an unearthly screech and then commenced to scratch for all it was worth. Puss was certainly the willing worker. The next instant the man was outside in the street.—Manchester Guardian.

Whistler's Friendships.

That Whistler, the man of famous enemies, had faithful friends is recalled by Ford Madox Hueffer, writing of the pre-Raphaelites in Harper's Magazine. Madox Brown had a circular printed drawing the attention of all his old patrons to the merits of Whistler's etchings and begging them in the most urgent terms to make purchases because Whistler was in indigent circumstances. The story is that upon one occasion Madox Brown, going to a tea party at the Whistlers' in Chelsea, was met in the hall by Mrs. Whistler, who begged him to go to the poulticer's and purchase a pound of butter. The bread was cut, but there was nothing to put upon it. There was no money in the house, the poulticer had cut off his credit, and Mrs. Whistler said "she dared not send her husband, for he would certainly punch the tradesman's head."

Why He Waited.

The man who is anxiously watching the steeple jack at work 300 feet from the ground is approached by a passing acquaintance.

"Hello, Brown!" says the latter. "Are you still here? It's fully an hour ago that I saw you standing in the very same spot."

"That fellow up there gives me the cold shivers," says Brown. "He makes me feel weak in the knees."

"Going back to your office?" inquires the friend.

"I guess so," Brown reluctantly replies. "There doesn't seem to be much use in waiting any longer. I don't believe he is going to fall."

And he turned away with a lingering glance at the intrepid jack.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Great Age of Halley's Comet.

While Halley's comet has been identified as a member of our system for over 2,000 years, certain characteristics of its orbit lead us to believe that it has been with us at least ten or perhaps 100 times as long as that. According to all accounts, it was a magnificent object at the time of the Norman conquest in 1066. Its head was equal to the full moon in size, and its tail increased to a wonderful length.—Century.

A Queer Hiding Place.

During a furious storm in Paris a janitor was struck on the shoulder by a small but heavy tin box which had fallen from an upper story of a house in the Rue de l'Ouest. The box was found to contain \$6,000 in gold and notes. It was claimed at the police station by an elderly woman, who said that the money constituted her entire savings, which she had hidden by tying the box to the drainpipe outside her window.

Another Theory Demolished.

"It costs nothing to be polite." "You're wrong. While I was politely picking up a glove for a lady yesterday my new four dollar hat blew off and rolled in front of a passing trolley car."—Chicago Record-Herald.

How He Got Out of It.

"My dear, before marriage you told me all your doings."

"Yes, but now I have come to think such talk savors too much of egotism."—Lippincott's.

Inherited.

Knicker-Jones is all the time wanting more money. Bocker—No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—New York Sun.

He only confers favors generously who appears, when they are once conferred, to remember them no more.—Johnson.

Nature's Work.

There is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain that it is all done for us and intended for our perpetual pleasure.—Ruskin.

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.—De Musset.

ECCENTRIC BRIGNOLI.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Once Famous Tenor.

Brignoli, the great tenor, was so careful of his voice when he had to sing that he would not speak at all and was in the habit of writing his wishes on a piece of paper. During the last years of his life he lived at the Everett House, New York, when not on the road. It took him at least three-quarters of an hour to go from his room to the sidewalk. He must get used to the changes very gradually. Leaving the room, he would pace up and down the hall for ten or fifteen minutes until thoroughly "acclimated," as he himself would say, and from there would go to the lobby to experience for twenty minutes a slightly lower degree of temperature.

At the end of half an hour he usually reached the vestibule, where he would pass another quarter, opening the outer door occasionally to get a taste of the fresh air. When thoroughly acclimated here he buttoned his greatcoat close about him and stepped out on the pavement.

Brignoli never was known to be ready to go on the stage to sing his part. He had to wait one minute or several minutes before appearing. In this he was a great trouble to managers. "Just give me one minute more," he would beg, and when that was up he would plead for another and another till all patience was exhausted.

THE GREEN FIEND.

Absinth Was Originally a Harmless Medical Remedy.

Absinth, the green fiend that saturates fashionable France, was originally an extremely harmless medical remedy.

It was a French physician who first used it. His name was Ordinaire, and he was living as a refugee at Couvet, in Switzerland, at the close of the eighteenth century. Like many other country doctors at that time, he was also a druggist, and his favorite remedy was a certain elixir of absinth of which he alone had the secret.

At his death he bequeathed the formula to his housekeeper, Mlle. Grandpierre, and she sold it to the daughters of Lieutenant Henrion. They cultivated in their little garden the herbs necessary for concocting it, and after they had distilled a certain quantity of the liquid they sold it on commission to itinerant peddlers, who quickly disposed of it in the adjacent towns and villages.

Finally, during the first decade of the nineteenth century, a wealthy distiller purchased the formula, and very soon afterward he placed on the market the modern absinth, which differs greatly from the old medical remedy, since the latter contained no alcohol and very little absinth.

ACCOMPLISHED.

HE shaved himself—
Oh, sure he did!
His classic face
Of whiskers rid.
He had a fancy
Shaving kit,
And, oh, but he
Was proud of it!

He'd sit an evening
Until late
And talk about
His exploit great,
And patiently
Would he explain
About the safety
Or the pain.

The pleasures of
A homemade shave
He'd dwell upon
And almost rave.
In barber shops—
Oh, joy profound!—
He never had
To wait around.

Fame comes to some
For writing books,
For winning battles,
Keeping cooks.
They're welcome to
Such trifling stuff.
He shaved himself;
That was enough.

Sure Sign.
"That man and woman have a large
family of children."
"Indeed! Friends of yours?"
"Never saw them before."
" Didn't you?"
"No."
"Then how do you know so much
about them?"
"They keep a look of ineffable seren-
ity in all this boisterous clamor,
showing that they are quite used to it."

It Worked.
"Are you hungry, my poor man?"
"Am I hungry?"
"Yes."

"I should say so. Do you want to
know how hungry I am?"
"How hungry are you?"

"I am so hungry that I could even
eat the biscuits of the woman next
door."

Her Idea.
"He asked her to name the happy
day."

"And did she do it?"

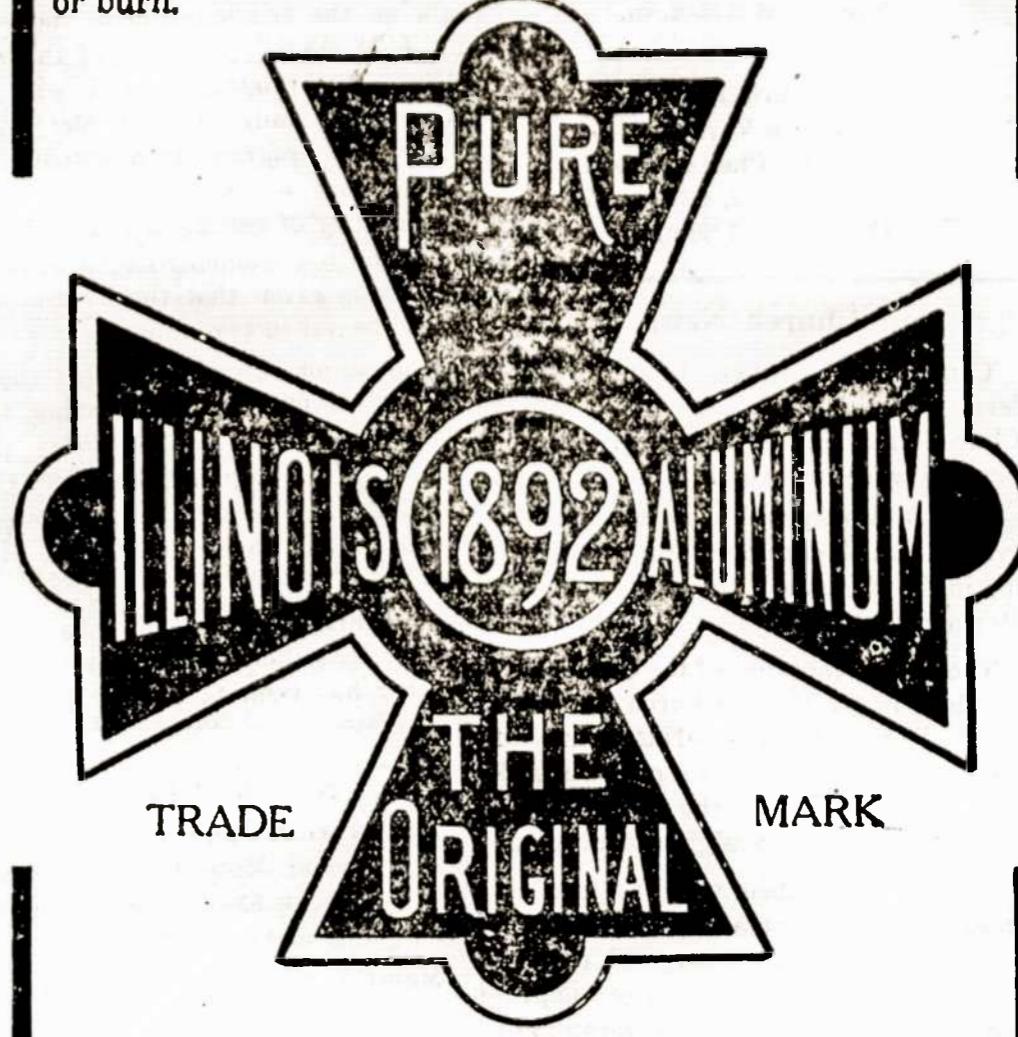
"She said she couldn't exactly, as
she didn't have control of his move-
ments, but if he would tell her when
he was going to start on a three years'
trip to Africa it might help her out."

HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.

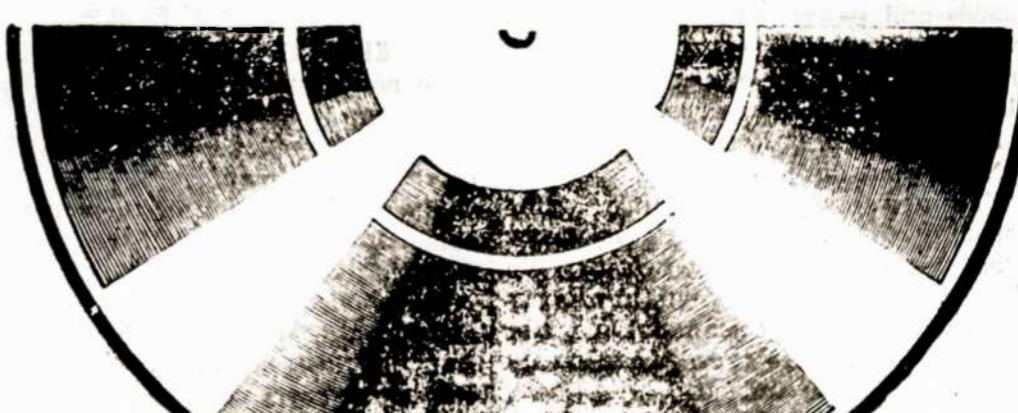


It is light weight, easy to handle and easy to clean; makes kitchen work a delight instead of drudgery; saves your money, time, fuel; protects your health against metal poisoning and serious troubles resulting from chipping of small particles into the food, which is one of the dangers from the use of the old style enameled wares.

You buy patent carpet sweepers, egg-beaters, dishwashers, clothes-wringers and many other time and labor saving conveniences, but there is nothing that will prove a greater practical household blessing than the "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware.

Lose no time in seeing for yourself what it will do. Your money back if this ware fails to do what is claimed for it.

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The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Record ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Fine tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

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A Fine Mixup.

"What do you mean by this, sir?" demanded the angry advertiser.

"What's the matter?" inquired the publisher of the paper.

"This advertisement of 'our delicious canned meats from the best colonial houses'—you've made it read 'horses'."

—London Tit-Bits.

Feed Him.

If you want to win the gratitude of a dog, feed him. As to men, the material difference is the quality of the food.—Baltimore News.

Money isn't such a comfortable thing to have around when burglars are about.

WHEN FOWLERVILLE ENTHUSED

By M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.

For years William Strong was the village cooper. He was called Bill by old and young. He was lazy and good natured. He had been married, but his wife had divorced him, and he kept house by himself in the rear end of his cooper shop. Bill had never been known to argue. He had never made a speech. He had never taken any interest in local matters. He had just made barrels and kegs and been Bill Strong. One evening when the usual crowd had assembled at the grocery and postoffice Mr. Strong turned Fowlerville upside down. Without having given a hint of his intentions he mounted the horse block and began a speech.

In the suburbs of the village dwelt Mrs. Henderson, widow, forty years old. Her husband had left her a poor old house and five acres of land. There were a cow and a horse, and by hiring the horse out by the day and renting most of her land and making her own garden she had managed to get along after a fashion. Bill Strong's speech was all about the widow. It was an appeal rather than a speech—an appeal to the manhood and charity of his listeners. That's what knocked the breath out of the crowd. As Fowlerville had known Bill Strong, a dozen people might have been starving to death any time and he would have taken no interest. The speaker painted the picture of a lonely widow, a grieving widow and a hard up widow. It was a case worthy of any man's charity. It had brought tears to his eyes and a sadness to his heart.

Spring was here, the speaker continued. Four out of five of the widow's acres ought to be planted to corn and potatoes. He had no money, but he would give three days' work. Who would furnish the seed, who do the plowing, who work with him at the planting? Here was a missionary field at home. It was because Bill Strong made the appeal in such a surprising way that the crowd took hold. In five minutes all was settled. Next day the widow's acres were being plowed, and within three days the planting had been finished.

Bill Strong had a second appeal ready. He mounted the same horse block and thanked his collaborators in the name of charity and then proceeded to say that the widow's house was old and the roof leaked. As she sat there in her loneliness the water dripped down on her grieving head. He had no money, but he would give his work if others would give the shingles and nails. Others did so, and a brand new roof appeared. Then came the third appeal. Why not paint the old house and make it match the newness of the roof? Two coats would be the thing, and such was the enthusiasm that one of the merchants insisted on being one of the brush wielders. There was an old fence in front of the house. Bill Strong made no appeal about that. He didn't have to. Others saw the need, and a new fence was built. A new roof was also put on the cow shed and the well provided with a pump. Fowlerville enthused from top to bottom.

The women came to do their part. They presented the widow with dishes, carpets and furniture and gave her of their wardrobes. They clubbed their pin money and bought her a sewing machine. The Sunday school scholars bought the old horse new harness and a stack of hay for their share. The Young Ladies' Literary club discovered that the widow's cow was on her last legs with old age, and the animal was sold to the butcher and a young one purchased. Never did so many gifts reach a widow's hands. She was somewhat in debt, and the Young Men's Athletic club insisted on paying them. So many actions, calling for so many tears, kept her eyes red and swollen all the time, while Bill Strong was looked upon with more awe and admiration than if he had won the welterweight championship of the world.

By the time all these good things had been done it was time to hoe the corn and potatoes and weed the garden. Fowlerville turned out en masse for that. It was made a sort of legal holiday, and over a hundred men and women turned out to make a picnic of the work. Those who didn't turn out furnished the lemonade and sandwiches for dinner. When the hoeing and weeding had been finished men and women agreed that there was nothing more to be done.

But Fowlerville made one more rally. It raised a clear hundred dollars in cash and placed the purse in the hands of the widow. She had shed many, many tears, but she squeezed out a few more.

Next morning the town beheld Bill Strong moving his few household goods out of his cooper shop. He had a busy air about him. He also had a changed look. When he had gone to a clothing store and priced a twenty-five dollar suit and been to the railroad depot to inquire the price of a ticket some one made bold to ask:

"Well, Bill, is everything all right?"
"Right as right," was the hearty reply.

"You seem to be a busy man this morning?"

"Yes, I am. Me and the widow Henderson were married last evening, and we start for Niagara Falls on our bridal tour tomorrow morning! Much obliged to you fellers for fixing us up in such good shape!"

DAZED THE ARTIST.

The Story of an Early Portrait of Frith by Himself.

Here is the amusing history of one of Frith's own portraits painted by himself. The celebrated artist had entirely forgotten its existence until a friend entered his studio in London one morning and asserted that a capital picture of himself was on view in a small shop in Great Portland street. "It's not a bit like what you are now," observed the friend, "but it may have resembled you some years ago. Go and look at it."

Mr. Frith went and found his own image after an estrangement of forty-five years. He determined to buy it, though he had not the faintest recollection of having painted it. "Ah, a portrait!" said Frith to the woman in charge of the shop after he had pretended to examine several other works. "Whose likeness is that?"

"That," said the lady, "is a portrait of the celebrated artist, Frith, painted by himself."

"Why, he must be an elderly man," put in the artist.

The woman remarked that he was young once.

"Humph!" quoth the genial Frith. "Not much of a picture."

To this the woman demurred and asked £20 for the canvas. It was Frith's turn to appear surprised.

"Well," replied the shopkeeper without moving a muscle, "it cost us nearly as much. We shall make a very small profit. You see, it is very valuable because the artist is deceased."

"Deceased!" exclaimed the astonished painter. "Dead, do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; died of drink. My husband attended the funeral."

Frith bought the picture, but did not revive for some time.

Don't Startle Her.

A certain prominent New York business man is known as a "high roller." "A chandelier fell in the night at his house," explained one of his friends, "and in the morning at breakfast he said to his wife, with a laugh:

"What did you think, my love, when you heard the chandelier fall in the dead silence of the night?"

"I thought, darling," his wife answered, "that you had been detained on business again and was getting upstairs as quietly as you could."

An Easy Winner.

George Ham of the Canadian Pacific railroad is the greatest Canadian mixer. He usually entertains all the visiting English journalists and statesmen who come to look over Canada.

Once a party of dignified English journalists came over, and Ham met



"YOU LOSE," HAM SAID.

them at the dock at Quebec. One was a particularly dignified representative of the London Times, much impressed with his importance.

"George," said a friend who was with him, "you'll never be able to make a dent on that man."

Ham looked him over. "I'll bet you a dinner," he said, "that he'll be calling me 'George' before midnight."

"Done."

At 9:30 that night Ham called up his friend. "You lose," Ham said. "He has not only called me 'George,' but he now has his arm around my neck and is calling me 'George'." —Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The Tattered Flag.

A general on his return from the wars showed his family a regimental flag tattered, torn and riddled with bullets which he had personally captured from the enemy. On the following morning the trophy was to be presented to the commander in chief. When he called for the flag his industrious wife brought it to him smilingly and presenting it to him with a look of proud satisfaction, said:

"James, I sat up all night mending the flag, and now—see, it looks almost as good as new!"

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Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

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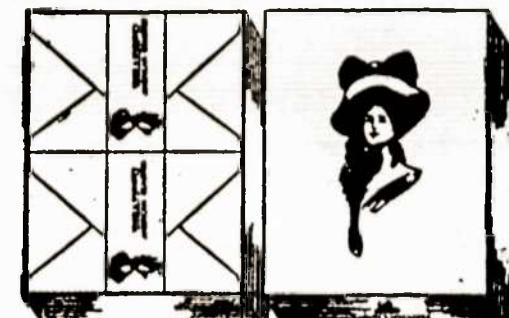
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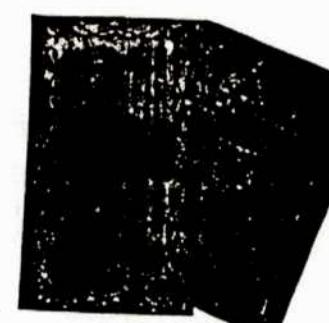
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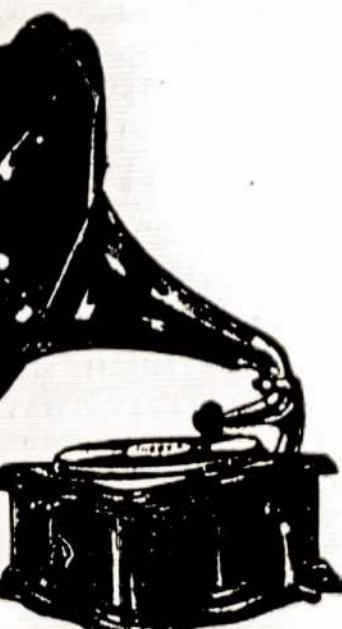


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Cheerfulness.

To be bright and cheerful often requires an effort. There is a certain art in keeping ourselves happy, and in this respect, as in others, we require to watch over and manage ourselves almost as if we were somebody else.—Sir John Lubbock.

He Would Need It.

A professor of chemistry in a medical college was examining his class and asked the question, "Suppose you were called to attend a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?"

There was silence in the room for some seconds, for none of the pupils knew the answer.

Finally the youngest of the students murmured as a sort of suggestion rather than a solution, "Spiritual consolation."

The European Plan.

Landlord (after fair guest has fainted at sight of her bill)—Jean, I have sent the boy for a glass of water for the lady, and I want you to see that 10 cents is added to her bill. Understand?—Flegende Blatter.

A doctor's wife can't afford to be sick, and the dentist's wife has to use faith to cure her toothache.



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By ARTHUR BRISBANE, Journalist.

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112 Main St.
Office Hours: Before 8 a. m., from 12 to 2 p. m., and from 6 to 8 p. m. Telephone 17-2.

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FOR SALE—New and second hand 4 cyl., 35 H. P., double chain drive automobiles, of our own make, at bargain prices.

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Orange, Mass.

FOR SALE—At \$100 per share, \$25,000 of 6 per cent. NON-TAXABLE PREFERRED STOCK of the Grout Automobile Company. Interest is payable semi-annually; stock is redeemable in 6 years at 106, and nets the investor 7 per cent.

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FOR SALE—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price.

E. W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—A good Surrey.

PRESS Office.

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WANTED—A girl for general housework.
Mrs. F. B. Caldwell.

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FOR SALE—A first rate coaster brake bicycle. A bargain at \$10.00
PRESS Office

FOR RENT—One six-room cottage on Elm Avenue. Inquire of John E. Nye.

Proud of His Prospects.

Louis Pierre was one of a number of Canadian immigrants who settled at Fitzgerald, Ga. As he spoke both French and English he rapidly became a man of importance and was successively elected to the offices of city marshal, coroner and justice of the peace. A dispute arose between the French and English settlers as to the superiority of the United States over the Canadian provinces. They finally agreed to leave the decision to Judge Pierre, who handed down this decision:

"Yoost taga a loog at me. Ferst dey mage me constabul, den coroner, und now joostis of de pees. Soon I be ze governair, den senator, den president. I would be ze long time in Canadair 'fore dey mage me queen."—Circle Magazine.

A Diet of Wild Honey.

Wild honey as a change is an agreeable sweetmeat, but after a few days constantly partaking of it the European palate rejects it as nauseous and almost disgusting. Our experience extended over a fortnight, during which period our food consisted solely of it and maize. It has escaped the Biblical commentators that one of the principal hardships that John the Baptist must have undergone was his diet of wild honey.—Geographic Magazine.

Ancient Oath Taking.

A method of taking the oath far more hygienic than kissing the book was that observed at the Forest of Dean Mine court for about 500 years, beginning in the thirteenth century. It was not for any hygienic reasons, but to prevent soiling the book that the miners before giving evidence touched the four gospels with a stick of holly. The witnesses wore their hats to show that they were free miners.—London Chronicle.

An Exception.

Binks—Here is somebody who says that no woman is a suffragist unless she has a grouch on some man. Sinks—That's queer. My wife isn't a suffragist.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pa Was Wise.

"Papa, what is quiet hostility?" "Quiet hostility, little Jim, is the way in which when I decline to give you a penny you sneak round behind my chair and make faces."—Scraps.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

Do You Take Enough to Keep Your Arteries in Condition?

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in criticising the different fads of exercise in Outing, says:

"The worst error of exercise, the most dangerous fad of physical culture, is not to take enough of it and to sneer at every form of it that does not bear the dollar mark. By one of those cynical poetic justices of nature the very men who denounce all physical culture and recreation as fads are those who pay the heaviest personal penalty for this delusion. They use the vigor they have gained in early youth in nature's open air school to chain themselves to the desk, to bury themselves in dungeon-like offices or airless workrooms twelve or fourteen hours a day. They 'feel fine' and are sure they are going to live to be a hundred, but one day, to their astonishment, a little artery whose coat has been hardened for twenty years unnoticed becomes so brittle that it snaps suddenly, and down they go with a stroke of paralysis, like a winged duck. It is never safe to jeer at the gods, whether the imaginary ones of Olympus or the real ones of modern science."

"The men who jeer loudest at physical culture and who sarcastically advise college and high school students, ambitious for gymnasium or athletic fields, to 'go and git a buckswax and a cord of wood' or a hoe and a potato patch and develop their muscles 'like I did when I was a boy' are the very ones who die suddenly when they should be in their prime for lack of exercise and open air recreation. It is really an astonishing thing how many giants of industry and transportation, particularly executive railroad men, die or suddenly go to pieces between fifty and sixty years of age. It is a common saying in railroad circles that a big general superintendent or department chief will seldom live beyond forty-eight to fifty-five years of age. Many break down before that."

JAPANESE STREETS.

They Swarm With Sideshows and Playing Children.

A Japanese street is a delightful place to play in, for grownup people in Japan do not seem to mind if the tail of a kite flaps right into their smiling faces and only laugh when they are turned out of their way by some huge pegtop which hums like an angry bee around their feet.

Wee, dark eyed maidens in butterfly kimonos of brilliant coloring turn their skipping ropes gayly, the tiny black heads of the babies they carry strapped to their backs bobbing up and down like small round balls. Their brothers play at "flags," which is a favorite game of theirs. They divide themselves into two parties, one carrying white flags and the other red ones. At a given signal the "reds" attack the "whites," striving to wrest away their flags, and the side which carries off most of these is proclaimed victor.

Wonderful conjurers are to be found at the street corners. They make swarms of birds fly from crystal bowls and flowers spring as if by magic from slender stems of bamboo.

Others show marvelous beetles harnessed with wax to paper carts or command the snakes that accompany them everywhere to perform extraordinary tricks.

A little farther on you will find an old woman who is making a curious sweetmeat of beans, called "torfu," over an oval brazier, and you can buy a big slab of this wrapped up in a cool leaf for a very small sum or, if you prefer it, a piping hot griddlecake costing no more. Acrobats, too, are as common as conjurers, and surely in no other land than this quaint little Japan do they twist themselves into such strange shapes.—Home Chat.

Chamois Tobogganers.

"Chamois toboggan down the steep white sides of the Alps with the skill of Norwegian skiers," said a millionaire. "I know," he went on, "for I have seen them do it. I spent a winter at St. Moritz, and on many a skeeing trip I saw a chamois lie on his back and go skimming like the wind down a white precipice—a pretty sight. The creature's paws would be folded on his breast. His head, uplifted and frowning, would keep watch. Thus he skinned down a half mile slope, growing smaller and smaller and finally disappearing in a whirl of snow."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Real Disappointment.

"Yes, sir," Uncle Ebene said to his nephew, "there are all kinds of disappointments in this world. Charley, and some of 'em are worse'n others. But they're all jest ways of feelin' bad for a minute, I guess. 'Bout the disappointing disappointment I ever have is when I feel and feel like sneezin' and it won't sneeze! That kinder gives you a notion of how all disappointments feel till you get over them."—Youth's Companion.

At It Again.

Growells—This meat is scorched again. It's a pity you can't get a meal without burning something! Mrs. Growells—it's a pity you can't sit down to the table without roasting somebody!—Chicago News.

THE FORTNIGHTLY MUSICAL

The annual musical that marks the close of the season of the Fortnightly, was given last Monday evening in Philip hall. The hall, which is splendidly adapted for such a function, was well filled by an appreciative audience.

Every item on the program, which is printed below, was thoroughly enjoyed. All was home talent, except Miss Garlow of Omaha, who possesses a rich, well-trained voice. W. S. Johnson of Orange contributed two piano selections, not on the program.

PART I

1. AIR DE BALLET

Chaminade

MISS RUTH WILKINSON

2. a. CREPUSCULE

Massenet

b. PRINTEMPS NOUVEAU

Vidal

MISS GLADYS TALBOT

3. ARABESQUE IN G^m

Chaminade

MISS CLARA B. TILLINGHAST

4. TO SEVILLA

De Sauvage

MISS GWENDOLYN GARLOW

5. RHAPSODIE HONGROISE NO. 2

Liszt

MRS. C. H. WEBSTER AND MISS ELIZABETH ALEXANDER

6. THE MARSEILLAISE

De Lisle

MR. BENJAMIN F. FIELD

PART II

1. a. ARAN b. EVEN SONG c. JUNE

W. S. Johnson

MISS CLARA HINMAN

2. LA CAVALIER FANTASTIQUE

Godard

MISS RUTH WILKINSON

3. a. THE GARDEN OF ROSES

Johanne Schmid

b. THE ROSE IN THE GARDEN

W. H. Neidlinger

MRS. W. R. MOODY

4. VIOLIN SOLO

Selected

MISS RUTH WHITCOMB

5. I SEND MY HEART UP TO THEE

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

MISS GWENDOLYN GARLOW

6. VARIATIONS SUR UN THEME DE BEETHOVEN

Saint-Saens

1ST PIANO, MISS JENNIE HAIGHT

2D PIANO, MISS MARY A. COOLEGE

In the Press.

"All About Northfield."

By A. P. FITT.

A brief history and guide to Northfield, Mass., and vicinity, with illustrations, maps and diagrams, and directory of general information and business notices.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Northfield at a Glance.

Topography—Boundaries and Dimensions—Divisions—Rivers and Streams—Mountains and Hills—Meadows and Plains—Elevations—Mineralogy.

History Retold.

Indian Occupation—Earliest Explorations by the English—First Settlement of Squakheag, 1670—Peace Disturbed, 1675—Indian Occupation Resumed—Second Settlement, 1682-90—Interim of Twenty-four Years, 1690-1714—Third and Permanent Settlement, 1714—Father Ralle's War, 1722-26—Peace and Progress, 1726-44—Old French and Indian War, 1744-49—Last French and Indian War, 1754-63—War of the Revolution—Independence and Reconstruction—Population and Vital Statistics.

Northfield's Greatest Son—D. L. Moody.

The Moody Schools.

Northfield Seminary—Mount Hermon School.

The Northfield Conferences.

General Conference for Christian Workers—Student Conference for Men—Camp Northfield.

Up Main Street and Winchester Road.

Walks and Drives about Northfield.

King Philip's Hill—Mount Hermon via Bennett's Meadow Bridge or Munn's Ferry—Beer's Memorial—River Drive and French King—Millers Falls—Hermit Rock and Erving—Greenfield via Bernardston or Gill—Stoughton's Bird Track Quarry—Poet's Seat—Turners Falls—Deerfield—Huckle Hill and Vernon—Bear's Den and Wild Cat Mountain—Hell's Back Kitchen—Louisiana Mountain—Point Rock—Lovers' Retreat—Pulpit Rock—Winchester, N. H.—Forest Lake—Hinsdale, N. H.—Ashuelot River Drive—Chesterfield and Lake Spofford, N. H.—Pisgah Primeval Forest—Three States Point—Vernon Dam—Brattleboro, Vt.—Crag Mountain—Ice Cave and Rattlesnake Den—Ober's Lookout—Warwick, Mass.—Warwick and Winchester Drive—Longer Trips—Summary of Distances.

Directory of General Information.

Post Offices—Railroad Stations—Churches—Public Schools—Patriotic and Fraternal Organizations—Water Companies—Cemeteries—Bridges—Ferries—Hotels—Fire Department—Town Officers, 1910, etc.

Northfield Press

Northfield, Mass.

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